

# Comin Thru'

Das EFX

Comin thru' wit my crew like this  
Aah, I'm wit my crew like this, comin thru  
Comin thru wit my crew like this  
Uhh, wit my crew like this  
Comin thru wit my crew like this  
Boy what? wit my crew like this  
Comin thru wit my crew like this  
Uhh, wit my crew like this

Verse one: dray, skoob

Well yo, it's 1995 this the way my crew troop  
I be the krayzie drayzie come to put'cha on the scoop  
Like, to be a rapper nowadays is real handy  
That's why all these niggas wanna be down like brandy  
They huffin 'n' puffin but still ain't sayin nuffin  
I see dem bluffin, they full of shit like stuffin  
Uh, without rehearsal my style is universal  
And I been drinkin st.ives before dem commercials  
I puff a el everytime I gotta write again  
So I can climb the fuckin charts like spiderman

Yo yo, I be the books but don't confuse me with scholasis  
Boy, I'll still sink your head like I was st.john the baptist  
Spot-blower especially when I'm not sober  
Twisted in the head I'm seein red like october  
Yo, the jibber-jabber, ain't a livin rapper deeper  
Who get looser than the leaves up in my fuckin ? ? ? ?  
Flavor like twice so you better rise up  
Read the off-the-wall styles like ya game of flys up  
No ruggle, I'm bout to shove anover  
Blunt, where I two-talk, it's new york undercover  
And I don't have pity, more raps than rap city  
Got styles out the ass so call my raps shitty  
Comin thru'

Chorus

Verse two: dray, skoob

I'm bringin it back wit my niggy, it's goin down no diggy  
I riggity rock the miggity mic and got dreds like ziggy  
Marley, don't own a harley, you're what they call me  
Kickity krayzie drayzie on the mic so what you want g?  
I'm rantin and ravin, still misbehavin  
See I be causin trouble even since I started shavin  
This ain't craig mack but black you know the flave  
I briggity break that ass up just like super dave  
I'm kiggity comin with a gangsta like boo boo  
I put it thru you, ya stinkity stink like doo doo

Giggity guess who next up on deck for wreck?  
Shit is on and my palms don't sweat  
Forty days and nights get in some fights  
To get this style piece and on before this water mic scored  
Dat ass tried to slip a fast one by me  
Claimin to represent the murderers like johnnie

Cochran, but ain't no stoppin when I'm diggity droppin  
For dump, forgotten, the low down dirty rotten  
Juvenile delinquents cos I still stink wit ghetto flavour  
Distortin my behaviour (check it out)  
Tootz, I'm in it for the panties, fuck the grammys  
It's the books, style underground  
Lounge with the tootz on some ol' major look-type shit  
And when I come thru I'm wit my crew like this  
Comin thru

Chorus

(comin thru wit my crew like this)  
Comin thru, what? blowin up the spot, punk you know we never miss  
(comin thru wit my crew like this)  
(yeah yeah, I'm wit my crew like this)  
Uh comin thru

\*conversation to end\*